



THE LIFE I NEVER HAD

Hemani Patel

Part 1: Starting Someplace New

Prologue

I couldn't wait, my neighbors were deciding to move, and I was so excited. I hated the Beaumont's kids that lived next door. They had two kids, Vanessa and Lily. Vanessa was 13 years old and Lily was 9 years old. They were so annoying. I was fed up with them. I had overheard my parent's conversation about my new neighbors. I had heard that they were a family of three. They had a girl named Phoebe that was 15 years old, exactly how old I was. This was going to be awesome. I couldn't wait until the Beaumont's left. I was so bored of the same old neighbors. I was sure this family would bring a change in the environment and that I and Phoebe would become great friends!

Chapter 1- Going Somewhere New

I looked out the oval shaped window, tears filling up in my eyes. There I was, sitting in the plane with my parents. It reminded me of when I went on vacations, but, today I wasn't going on vacation. Instead, I was parting ways from my homeland forever. This was the place where I grew up, lived all of my life, played, enjoyed fun-filled holidays, and did so many other things. I didn't know if I was ever coming back again. As the loudspeaker turned on and the kind, sweet hostess spoke, I drowsed off in my thoughts. Fifteen minutes later I was awakened by my mom, Christina. I buckled my grubby, coffee colored seat belt. Then as the plane slowly began to take off into the sky, I murmured my last words to Ireland, "I'll miss you!"

As anxious as I was, I was just as excited. The whole way to Florida I wondered how it would be like there. Would the weather be pleasant or unbearable? Would I make friends? Would the neighborhood be as nice? I had tons of questions. We were going to America because my dad found a really good job in Florida and he said that he wanted for all of us to settle there. I didn't want to move but it would add a new experience in my life. Well any ways, my name is Phoebe Smith and I am fifteen years old.

We finally were only 10 minutes away. Slowly the plane started moving downwards and I could see little bits of land and loads of houses right under me as the plane hovered over them. Fifteen minutes later, we were hitting the road to our new house in Tangerine County. The weather was beautiful, 90 degrees or so. There were various trees filled with flowers and a variety of different types of fruits. Florida was so

calm, charming, and unique. I was loving it already! We carefully pulled into the driveway. I hurried up to the door and rang the doorbell. I knew there was nobody inside but the sound of it just made me smile. It sounded like the Liberty bell in Philadelphia. In the next 5 minutes I rushed inside. The scent of flowers filled my nose as I looked around the house. I was so excited. I would have my own room, lots of privacy, and everything I would have ever wished for. It was awesome. I saw the large family room and next to it was the living room. Then I ran into the kitchen which was covered with brown all over. The black granite to the cherry cabinets and stainless steel appliances made my eyes sparkle and made my jaw drop. The kitchen looked awesome.

I rushed up the sanded wooden stairs to examine the rest of the house. There were three rooms, and I already knew which room I wanted. It was a small room in the corner, sea green, with the scent of perfume all over. I searched through it. The carpet was pink with a small walk in closet with ample space, perfect for my clothes and accessories. The best part was there was a balcony so tiny that it only allowed for a skinny person like me to fit through. I opened the baby pink blinds on top of my bedside and saw the most enchanting view of what I had seen thus far of Tangerine County. Just as I was going to check out the other rooms my mom called, "Phoebe come downstairs. We have some visitors!" I wondered who they could be. I whooshed downstairs not making them wait too long, with the feeling of anxiousness filling my stomach.

As I got there I noticed a girl, about my age, with long blonde hair, wearing a brown skirt halfway to her thighs, with dangling hoops on her ears and a colorful lasic cami with flip- flops. Next to her stood a boy about five inches taller than the girl, with his

hair spiked from the front. He was wearing cargo green shorts and a yellow t - shirt. He was definitely kind of cute. "Hi!" they both said at the same time.

"Hi!" I replied. They told me they were my neighbors. Their names were Tiffany and Ryan. Tiffany lived across the street and Ryan lived next door. The neighbors that lived on the other side of me were an old couple, Mr. Parsons and Mrs. Parsons. They were about the same age as my grandparents.

Phoebe's Parents Conversation

"Bob!" called Mrs. Smith to her husband from the kitchen.

"Yes, honey!" replied Mr. Smith walking in to the kitchen to join her with his checkered Christmas pajamas and grey shirt.

"I just wanted to talk to you about Phoebe. Do you think she is adjusting to this new place? It seems that she is having a great time here but I still don't know. I feel like it is still going to take a while to adjust. What do you think?"

"Well Christina, I think we need to give her a little bit of time before judging her. Even I, myself, am still trying to adjust here. Why don't we wait a few weeks and see its going? Okay?"

"Alright, if you say so." Mrs. Smith sighed and continued cleaning her dishes piled up in the sink after lunch.

Chapter 2 – Adjusting To The New Place

Slowly the week passed by. We had mostly all our clothes and other things unpacked and all the new bought furniture put away in its place. Through the week, aside from Ryan and Tiffany who I met the day I arrived, I met some more people in my neighborhood. I met Drew, Tyler, Amanda, Nikki, Dylan, and Isabella. They all hung out together all the time. They even had their own tree house where they all went. “Not someplace highschoolers would hang out!” Ryan said, “But we still have some place anyway!” I was getting to know them very well. They were sweet, funny, and smart friends. We were all starting to become great friends. That week had passed by so quickly in shopping, unpacking, and getting to know everyone around me. Soon enough it was Sunday night and the next day was my first day at school here in Tangerine County. I was adjusting to this new place really well. I wished everything would work out good at school the next day!

The next morning my alarm clock rang at 6:30 AM. I woke up, got ready, had scrambled eggs and bacon for breakfast, and rushed out the door where Ryan and Tiffany had Been waiting for me. I was wearing a baby pink ruffled top with jean capris and flats that I had just bought this weekend when I’d went shopping with Tiff. Tiff had showed me all the good stores around and we both had done our school shopping together. My wavy light brown hair with a touch of golden hidden in it flowed in the air with my green tote bag on my shoulder as we walked to the bus stop. As we approached the bus stop I spotted all the others. The bus arrived five minutes later and we climbed on and took our seats. I was sitting next to Tiffany on the bus in a two seater

and across us sat Ryan, Drew, and Tyler. Behind us were Isabella and Amanda and across them sat the cutest couple in high school so far, Dylan and Nikki.

Tangerine High was 15 minutes away from our neighborhood. Once the bus stopped everyone rushed off and jostled through the halls to get to their homerooms. My homeroom teacher, Mrs. Winterbottom had introduced me to my class and showed me every place I would need to go to and everything I would need daily. Tiffany and Isabella were in my period one, two, and three. Ryan and Tyler were in my period four and five, but I was left all alone in periods six and seven without anyone I knew. My first day of school had gone off really well for the first time being here; mainly because of all the friends I had made the first week I came to the area.

I went home on the bus after school with everybody, finished my homework and went over to Tiffany's house. By now Tiffany and I were starting to become great friends. It was mid December and Tiffany and I were now best friends. I called her "Tiff" and she liked to call me "Bee". Sometimes I wondered where she'd gotten that from. But I didn't mind. We were over each other's houses almost every day. Our parents knew each other very well. We did almost everything together. We even went on our first vacation together too. We went to California in November when we had two weeks off. It was lots of fun. We went to Los Angeles, San Diego, Disney land, Hollywood studios and many other places. I am sure neither of us had that much fun our lives. I am sure we hadn't had that much fun in my life. None of us had siblings so we considered each other twin sisters. I hadn't shared such a relationship with anyone before. It was great to have Tiff there for me and I was sure that I would always be there for her. Tiff was a great, loving, and funny girl that was lots of fun to hang out with.

We were also really close to Ryan. Tiffany had a crush on Ryan so she always wanted for me to go to with her to Ryan's house which I hadn't minded. Ryan was a really sweet, guy with no complaints or judgments against anyone. She had liked him for like 1 year and a half now. I wondered when she was going to muster the courage and finally tell him that she liked him. We enjoyed hanging out with each other and Ryan didn't mind us either. We were like three musketeers. But Ryan wasn't really exactly part of it. It was nice to have Ryan around. Sometimes I wondered if Ryan liked Tiff back or if he ever liked anyone at all. So one day when Tiff had went to cheerleading practice in the afternoon I went to Ryan's house and rang the doorbell. "Hi!" he said and then asked, "No Tiffany today, only you?"

"Yeah, today it's only me, why do you want me to leave?" I questioned.

"No, no, I didn't mean it in that way. Sorry, come on in." I went inside and we both went upstairs to his room like usual. "So did you need something?" he asked curiously.

"No," I stated plainly, "I just came over for fun." So we sat on his bed and watched TV. Now I was wondering in my head if I should ask him if he likes anybody or not. Did he like Tiff back or not? Did he know that Tiff liked him? Then I gathered all my courage and asked, "Do you like anybody?"

"Why'd you ask that?" he asked.

"Just out of curiosity." I said. I saw him twitch his fingers. He looked away blushing. I picked up the remote and pressed mute. Now the room was silent with inaudible sounds of footsteps moving here and there downstairs. Then he turned back around, looked into my eyes, leaned closer to me, and did something I would have never imagined for him to do!

Tiff's Thoughts

I wonder what Bee is doing right now. Since she came here we've done everything together. She is always there for me. I've never had a friend like her before. She is like a sister that I never had. I guess I should text her and ask her what she is doing. But just as I wrote "what r"

"Tiffany, break is over. Put your phone away and get yourself over here this instant!" called my instructor, Miss. Carla. Well I wasn't able to text Bee. I would just have to wait to see her after practice.

"Coming!" I shouted back.

Chapter 3 – Things I Never Imagined Take Place

Ryan had just kissed me. It was the craziest but cutest thing ever! But now I had over a 1000 questions filling up in my mind. Did Ryan like me? Why did he kiss me? Was it a mistake? Was I betraying Tiff? Would Tiff be mad at me? I wanted answers now! And I meant NOW! As I was about to explode I saw Ryan smile and say, “I really like you Phoebe. Will you go out with me?” I didn’t know what to say. One part of me said yes but the other said no. My mind went blank. I felt like I had just Been taken over by a bunch of zombies. Then I saw my mouth move and heard only one three letter world.

“YES!” I stood shocked at my own words. I couldn’t believe my ears. How could I say yes? How could I betray my best friend? Did I have feelings for Ryan? Did I really like him back? I felt like my head was going to burst. “I have to go!” I said to Ryan rushing out of his room and down the stairs.

“Wait!” he said running after me, “Where are you going?”

“Home! I need a little time by myself. Is that okay?” Then I ran out and across the street, slammed open the front door and rushed upstairs into my room.

Then I plopped onto my bed and moaned about what I was to do about what had just happened. By now I was sure I liked Ryan back but didn’t have the guts to tell Tiffany anything about all that had happened while she was at cheerleading practice for 2 hours. But first I had to go over to Ryan’s, apologize for leaving without warning, and tell to him about the conflict I was stuck in. I went back over, apologized, and told him about what I was struggling with. As dumbfounded as Ryan was, the advice he gave me

was to go and tell her the truth and anyways I had no other options but to do that. So around 5:00 pm when Tiff was expected to be home from cheerleading, I went over and rang the doorbell. As I waited for someone to open the door, there I was wondering what my approach to a topic like this would be. Of course Tiff opened and I stepped in. "Hi!" Tiff said.

"Hi! I have to talk to you about something. Let's go upstairs!" I said in a more serious tone than I usually would.

"K!" she said. As we rushed upstairs she asked, "Anything wrong?" I didn't reply. We opened the door and I sat on her pink butterfly chair as she laid on her bed smiling. Then I decided to start the conversation.

"Um, Tiff I know you'll be really upset after hearing what I have to say but I didn't do this purposely or in means to hurt you. Promise me you won't be mad at me."

"Come on! Tell me already!" Tiff whined.

"Promise!" I asked

"Promise!" she said anxiously.

" Well, I went over to Ryan's house to figure out if he liked you back when you went to cheer practice and so when I was asking him if he liked anyone and he ... he.... he.."

"He what?" Tiff asked, "So, does he like me?"

"He kissed me!"

"What?" Tiff stood up in surprise.

“And then he asked me out!” Tiff’s face turned pale. She stood there as stiff as a stone. I knew I had just hurt her, badly, very, very badly. She looked like she wanted to cry.

“So did you say yes or no?” Now her voice was soft. I knew she wanted to hear the word no. But I had to tell her the truth.

“I said yes. I am so sorry but I couldn’t help but say yes. He really likes me. I am so sorry. I know I hurt you. I never meant it. I promise I won’t do anything like this again. You have all rights to be mad at me!”

“Wait Bee, I’m not mad! But instead I am upset that the person that I trusted the most just betrayed me. How could you Bee!” I saw tears filling up in her eyes and her face turned red.

“I am so sorry Tiff,” I apologized,

“Can I get some time by myself?” Tiff asked stiffly, getting herself together.

“Yes, sure!” I responded. I said bye and left. I didn’t know then how much of Tiff’s trust I had just lost and how long it would take earn it back. I went back home and took a short nap in the gloomy, rainy day.

Ryan’s Thoughts

“Yes!” I did it. I finally mustered the courage to ask Phoebe out. Since the first time I saw her at her house till now I couldn’t take my eyes off her. For a moment I thought she hadn’t liked me back, but she did. Her pretty smile always brightened my day and her precious personality was so unique. There was something special about her that made her the way she was. Maybe it was her charm!

Tiff's Thoughts

How could Bee do that? I trusted her so much and all she did was backstab me. Was that what she gave me in return for helping her since she came here, for being her best friend? Did she use me to get to Ryan? He stole my crush? I shouldn't have trusted her? I stopped crying. Crying wasn't going to do anything. I would get my revenge and she would have to pay for it. She would pay for betraying me. I grabbed a paper and pencil, stayed up all night, and planned on what I was going to do next.

Chapter 4 – Everything Starts To Fall Apart

Since that night everything had started to change. Days and weeks were passing by but instead of me and Tiff becoming better friends the opposite was taking place. The more I tried to talk to her the more she ignored me. When we gathered at our tree house she usually wasn't there and if she was there she barely talked to me. It was as if she was getting meaner and ruder day by day. What had happened to the old Tiff? By now she should have gotten over whatever had happened. I would have. She was turning into my enemy. She didn't sit with me on the bus anymore nor did she ever do anything with me in our classes together. Instead, when we were to work on a project together, I did all the work and all she did was talk to a girl named Lisa who sat next to her in English class. Her attitude was really starting to aggravate me. When was she going to stop being a big baby? Enough was enough. I had to talk to her. That was the first thing I would do today right after school!

Right after school, I changed my clothes, ate something, finished my homework, and walked across the street. I was pretty mad and annoyed about Tiff's attitude and I would speak to her about it. I rang the doorbell but no one came to the door. I rang it again and still no answer. Tiff's mom was still at work but I wondered where Tiff was. I looked up at Tiff's room but her lavender colored curtains were closed. Just as I was about to enter my house, Tiff's room's curtains caught my eye. Now they were open instead of closed. That meant that Tiff was home and she didn't open the door when I had knocked. Now I was confused.

Forgetting whatever had happened, I dressed up in an orangish, brown dress that came up to my knees with a brown cardigan on top. Today was my first actual date with Ryan. I was always over his house, but I didn't really consider those times as actual dates. Ryan loved me a lot and I loved him just as much. We were going on a walk to Lake Ellen. I quickly slipped on my white flip flops and hurried outside. It was a beautiful autumn day and most of the leaves rustled under my feet as I skipped to Ryan's house. I walked up his porch and just as I was about to ring the doorbell, somebody screamed "Surprise!" into my ear. I jumped, startled and wondered who it could be, Ryan? I turned around and gave Ryan a tight hug. "Hi!" I said to Ryan.

"Hi!" he said. "Ready?" he asked.

"Yep!" I responded. We slowly started walking. Ryan put his hand around my waist and I rested my head on his shoulder. It was so silent. I heard the wind whooshing past us. It was beautiful around. The scenery was so pretty. We were walking through a pathway between a line of trees and beside us lay a motionless lake, Lake Ellen. Then we rested at a bench that approached us as we were walking. I skittishly petted the geese at the edge of the lake as Ryan laughed while watching me. Then we headed home as we talked and laughed with each other. Ryan picked me up and swung me as the colorful leaves brushed against my skin in the air. We stopped for ice cream on our way home. My favorite ice cream was cookie dough and Ryan's was just plain old chocolate. I called him a 5 year old for liking chocolate so much. We ate our ice creams on our way home and then I went back to my house as he went to his. I waved him bye and blew a kiss as I stepped inside smiling. Today had been one of the best days of my

life. It was lots of fun to be with Ryan. Whenever I was with him, I forgot about all my worries.

The next morning it was Friday. Usually I sat next to Ryan but today Tiff was sitting next to him. And Ryan hadn't noticed because he was too busy talking to Tyler. As I went to sit behind them I saw a nasty grin appear on Tiff's face. I was starting to wonder what was going on. Then later on when going upstairs from English to Math Tiffany purposely bumped into me so all the books in my hands fell. And she didn't even help me pick them up. She just walked away. Once again, a slight grin appeared on her face. This had happened twice now. Was Tiff doing all this purposely? So after Math class, we were all having lunch at our lunch table. Then when I got up to throw away my lunch tray, Tiff got up too with soda in her hand and spilled it all over my shirt. She didn't even apologize. Instead, she just explained that she had done it "accidentally". Ryan took me to the office and my mom dropped off a new shirt that I could wear through the rest of the day. I was horrified and I couldn't stand it anymore. I still kept my patience knowing what Tiff was doing. She was seeking her revenge in ways that nobody would think anything of it. She had to stop. I knew that even if I told Ryan, he would never believe me!

Then to make things even worse, one day when Ryan, Tiff, and I were walking home from the bus stop one day, Tiff bumped into me so hard that I fell into a muddy puddle with my books. Now I was really pissed at Tiff. "What is wrong with you Tiff?" I yelled losing my patience.

"I'm so sorry. I... I..."

“You what? First, you sat next to Ryan on the bus this morning, then made me drop my books, then spilled soda all over my shirt, and now you push me into a muddy puddle. What do you want? Can you stop?”

“I am so sorry! If you think I am doing this purposely; I am not. I seriously didn’t mean it. Why would, I, your best friend do this to you? And if you don’t like me sitting next to Ryan then I won’t. I’m sorry. I thought we were just friends but if you feel that I am separating you from Ryan then I don’t mind sitting by myself.”

Just as I went to say, “You wou...” Ryan cut me off.

“What has gotten into you Bee? Why do you care if Tiff sits next to me? And whatever happened today, Tiff didn’t do anything on purpose. Just because you had a bad day doesn’t mean you blame it all on Tiff. Get your attitude straight.” Ryan stated angrily.

“Nothing has gotten into me. Tiff is doing all this on purpose. She is trying to make you hers.” I tried to explain. But before I could say anymore, Ryan ran after Tiff calling her name because Tiff left crying. My relationship with Ryan and was starting to fall apart. I couldn’t believe it! How could he trust a person like her instead of his own girlfriend? Why didn’t he understand that this was all an act that she was putting up?

Tiff And Ryan Conversation

“Tiff! Tiff! Wait up!” called Ryan running after Tiffany.

“What?” Tiff stopped with tears filling her eyes.

“I wanted to say sorry on behalf of Bee. I don’t know what has gotten into her but please don’t cry. I am sure she didn’t mean that. I will talk to her. Just please calm down.” Ryan assured Tiffany.

“Yes, but I would never imagine that she would ever blame me like that. If I did something wrong please forgive me.” Tiff sniffled. “Sorry, and I am leaving.” But before Ryan could stop her again she rushed into her house.

Tiff's Thoughts

I quickly wiped my fake tears and climbed up the stairs in to my bedroom. “I did it!” I cheered as I danced on top of my bed. My plan was working. Ryan was starting to believe me and lose his trust for Bee. Slowly Ryan and Phoebe’s relationship would be over and Ryan will become mine. Phoebe better watch out because she has no idea on what is coming her way. Slowly just like I did today, I will leave her helpless with no one there for her.

Ryan's Thoughts

What was going on? What has gotten into Bee? She responded to her book falling in the mud in such a way that I have never seen her. Was I too hasty on judging her? Was she always like this? I would never imagine that the Phoebe that I love would ever doubt her best friend. Was the Phoebe that I loved jealous of her best friend? I wanted to know. I would have to wait and see.

Chapter 5 – An End To Everything

Tiff was worse than I had expected her to be. As days approached I started to become scared. I was afraid. Day by day she added new threats to my life. I never imagined that one day I would be scared of my best friend, the person I used to do everything with. It was a month into the New Year and instead of my year starting with a fresh, new, happy start it started off with fear, threats, and hatred. Tiff threatened me that she would fill spiders, the insects I feared most, in my locker if I went on my date that night with Ryan to the movies. I, on the other, thought that she wouldn't dare to do such a thing. I never thought that Tiff could stoop that low or even have the courage herself to do that. But maybe I was wrong. Maybe I had thought too positive about Tiff. So I went with Ryan to the movies that night around 7:00 pm after dinner and the next day when I opened my locker I was aghast with fear. What Tiff had said came true. She had put spiders, the insects I hated most, in my locker. All the kids near me ran to see what was happening and teachers rushed out of their classrooms to see what the ruckus was all about. Spiders were all over my, books, lunch, backpack, and all my other belongings. After everything was cleaned out, Tiff came to my locker and had the guts to say after all that had happened,

“I warned you!” and started to walk away. Since that day I obeyed everything that Tiff had told me. She was like my owner and I was her slave. I couldn't do anything about it. She called me names; she started to break almost all my dates with Ryan. She was breaking my whole life apart. My grades started to drop from all A's to F's. I was so stressed out. I cried day and night. I never ever imagined for Tiff to ever be so malevolent. I thought of so many ideas to stop what was happening but nothing ever worked. But instead whenever I tried to solve something the opposite always happened.

She made my teachers start to hate me. She gossiped about me with everyone, and cyber bullied, and did so many other horrible things. This was way worse than what I had done to her. What I had done to her was a mistake unlike what she was doing to me. Everything she

was doing, she was doing on purpose. I wondered when Tiff was going to stop. When was she going to be satisfied? Then I decided that I had gone through too much by myself so I decided to tell my parents. When I told my parents about this they said Tiff was too nice to do that. They blamed me for everything that was happening to me. They didn't believe me. Their own daughter! They trusted that merciless girl, Tiffany instead of me, their own blood. When I told my teachers, they gave me detention because they thought I was lying and blaming someone for things that were happening to me and that Tiff wouldn't do such a thing. They wondered what had gotten into me and where the relationship between me and Tiff had disappeared.

As my last resort, I went to speak with Ryan. When I told Ryan, he told me that I had changed so much since he had met me and that he used to like the old me better than the new me. He also thought that I was becoming a jealous brat. He thought that I was misunderstanding Tiff. To make it even worse, to make me inconsolable, he said that for two weeks he needed me to be on my own and understand Tiff and then I could see him again. What could be worse? There was no use of me living. Everyone I knew hated me. No one believed me nor did they trust me. They all showed hatred towards me. I felt like I wanted to commit suicide. No, but I was brave and I was going to live through it. One day Tiff was going to be punished for what she was doing to me and I was going to get back the honor I deserved. I wasn't going to let Tiff kill me in the inside. I tried so hard but nothing worked. I knew I could do it. I could make it through. It was almost the end of the school year but Tiff still didn't stop her spiteful act. To her it was just an amusing sight but she didn't understand how it felt to be in my place. She'd gotten what she wanted. What grudge was she holding against me now? How much more was she going to make me suffer?

The only thing that I was actually excited for was the field trip that we were going on today. May 23rd was the day of our field trip and we were going hiking through three forests in Florida. We were to all stay together and were assigned buddies. My buddy was Ryan and Tiff's buddy was Isabella, another girl in our group. I pretended to like Tiff again so Ryan and I were

back together again. We were assigned four people to a group with one teacher. The teacher with us was Mrs. Winterbottom, our homeroom teacher and our group was Isabella, Ryan, Tiffany, and me. We had already hiked one forest and this was our second. The First team to finish 3 forests would win. We were having a great time. It was very possible for one to get hurt so we had to be very careful. As we were climbing Isabella and Ryan had to go the bathroom. So Ryan and Isabella went back down to go to the bathroom and were going to catch up to us after they were done. So Tiffany and I continued to walk while Ryan, Isabella, and Mrs. Winterbottom went back down. We were halfway through the second forest and were now straining our feet to reach to the top. My heels were starting to ache and the more we hiked the harder it was. As it became harder I shifted to the edge of the forest where there was a rigid shielding rope that blocked anyone from falling off the cliff that lay below. I was using that rope to help lend me support to let me tolerate the rest of the hike. We were warned that we shouldn't use the rope for support or even be near it because it was very dangerous, but I knew nothing was going to happen and nobody ever followed the rules anyway.

My shoelace was untied by now. I was going to tie it when we got to the top which was only another few steps away because I didn't want to stop and Tiff wasn't going to wait for me anyway. Where were Isabella, Ryan, and Mrs. Winterbottom. They should have reached up to us by now. Right after that Tiff scooted closer. She was going to do something. I told myself get ready! I was right! She did do something! Tiff stepped on my shoelace causing for me to trip. A shot of pain burst through me. Pain slithered through me quickly like a shock from an electric wire through my whole body causing me to fall to the ground in an instant. A piece of a branch jabbed into my ankle when I slipped. I tried getting up but couldn't move. The pain was unbearable. Tiff acted as if nothing had happened at all. I felt numb and tears of pain rushed down my cheeks as I screamed in pain.

Then the strangest thing ever happened. Tiff noticed me and tried to help. Did Tiff still like me? It felt like Tiff was back, the old Tiff that I loved, the Tiff that was my best friend instead

of my enemy was going to help me. She lent me her hand and I took it to get myself up. Wait, was this all a trick? But before I could realize that it was just an act, Tiff pushed me with all her might towards the cliff. My head bumped on the nail that hooked the rope to the ground and blood dripped from my forehead down to my eyebrows. "Aw!" I screeched in pain. My cut burned and when I opened my eyes all I saw was a blurry mess. I never imagined that I would have the courage to get up again but I did. I forced myself up with all my courage even though my body ached. Tiff was the same. What was I thinking to have trusted her? I tried to stand up and run down the hill and find safety, but it was a bit too late. Tiff grabbed my shirt and yanked me backwards. Then she formed a tight grip onto my hair and screamed in my ear, "I told you, not to betray me but you did anyway. You made Ryan yours. Now I got my revenge. I am not going to spare you. You will SUFFER the way I did! You will feel the PAIN!" roared Tiffany brutally. And then she swung her backpack at me over than 80 mph. I trampled backwards and before I knew it, I was hanging with both my hands holding the ground. Under me, a 1000 miles downwards, stood a river. I begged Tiff for help.

"I'm sorry. You can have anything in my life that you want. Just let me be. You got what you wanted. Please help me! Please!" I begged and begged. But she didn't budge. She just smiled and laughed viciously. I screamed and cried but nothing worked. Nobody heard me. Where was everybody? I needed them. Slowly my hands started to slip and the last thing I felt was air rushing through me and a hard slap on the water. And then everything went black.

Part 2: Destined To Die

Chapter 6 – Watching The Fun: Tiffany

“Oh my gosh! Yes! Yes!” I exclaimed joyfully. I accomplished what I wanted. I won! I got what I wanted. Ryan was mine, all mine. And no one could take him away. What was I thinking making friends with Phoebe? Was I stupid? I should have realized from the beginning that she was like this. She should have just backed off when I told her to stay away from Ryan but no, she didn’t listen. In the end, I gave her what she deserved. I didn’t do anything wrong. I only punished her for her wrong deeds against me. Now that brat was gone. Gone forever! My eyes were filled with hatred and I was ready to go to any extent to get my revenge, till murdering Phoebe and blaming her for her own murder.

I unzipped my purple polka – dotted backpack and took out a Poland spring water bottle that rested in a small corner in my backpack. I spilled some out onto my hand and dripped it down my eyes and my forehead. I didn’t exactly know how to fake cry or how to sweat without working out so it was best to stick with regular water. I tried to hurry up remembering Ryan, Isabella, and Mrs. Winterbottom would be reaching up too me soon. I took a branch and jabbed it against my knee and then I used the same branch and scratched myself on the face. It hurt badly but it was worth the pain. And lastly to finalize it up I turned my brutal grin into an upsetting, depressing expression and pretended to weep. I quickly picked up any piece of evidence that would prove me guilty just before I sprinted downwards looking for the rest of my team. No one would ever suspect that I murdered Phoebe. In the distance I noticed Mrs. Winterbottom, Ryan,

and Isabella walking up the forest toward me. I dashed up to them even though my ankle ached and started to cry.

“Mrs.Winterbottom!” I said in a panicky voice.

“Hi, Tiffan..... Oh my god. What happened to you and where is Phoebe? Oh no you are bleeding on your face! Why are you limping?”

“Mrs.Winterbottom, Mrs.Winterbottom, Come with me! Phoebe fell off the cliff!”

“What!” Mrs.Winterbottom yelled in anxiety. Just as Mrs.Winterbottom heard that she quickly ordered Ryan to take me to the nurse safely and told Isabella to follow her to the main headquarters right there and then.

“No!” yelled Ryan, “I am coming with you, Mrs.Winterbottom and Isabella you take Tiff to the nurse.”

“Okay!” responded Isabella confused. I was about to say Ryan stay with me but I kept my mouth shut. I understood that Ryan cared for Phoebe but that wouldn't be for long so why not let him enjoy it. Mrs.Winterbottom and Ryan terrified and aghast by the news I gave them ran downwards screaming for help alarming everyone about what appalling thing had just happened. Isabella and I continued to walk to the nurse's. Isabella didn't say anything but instead looked a little worried after looking at the way I looked. As we approached there the nurse's office the nurse too, herself was wondering what horrible thing had happened to me after looking at my state. As she warily cleaned up my wounds, sometimes I twitched and squinted, pretending that my wounds pained which they actually did but I exaggerated it slightly. As time went by I could hear sirens increasing. I poked my head the window where I saw police officers, inspectors, detectives, firemen, ambulances, parents, teachers, Ryan and the entire 9th grade. I

was getting a little tensed. What if they figured out it was me but that wasn't possible I had taken every piece of evidence possible to prove me guilty away from there. This was actually instead going to be a fun crime scene. The person dead would be blamed for murdering herself and the murderer would be felt badly for. Soon detectives, inspectors, Ryan, my parents, Phoebe's parents, and Mrs. Winterbottom stepped inside. The door closed behind them and the nurse locked it as she and Isabella headed out of the nurse's office. There was no one else but those in the room, the nurse and Isabella were asked to leave. Everyone took their seats, whether on the beds, cushions, chairs and windowsills. Then the inquiry began. I knew that I had no reason to be scared, I just had to put up a really good act that would make them believe I wasn't the culprit.

"Firstly," a detective started, "Tiffany, would you please describe the story in your point of view. It is very important for us to know because you are our only actual proper witness at the scene of Phoebe's fall."

"Well, officer," I forced tears in my eyes as I continued to speak, "My two other group members Ryan and Isabella had to go to the bathroom, so the teacher assigned to us, Mrs. Winterbottom, took them to the bathroom and we continued to walk. But since a few months Phoebe used to be my best friend and was dating Ryan but she thought that I was coming between them so she blamed me for everything. Then because no one believed her when she complained and put false accusations on me, when everyone left and it was only Phoebe and I she tried to murder me!" I cried.

"Exactly, how did she try to murder you?" asked one of the boy detectives sitting in a chair with a note pad and pen in his hand very concentrated on his notes.

"She....." I started to cry really hard.

"Please, honey it is important for us to know." forced a nice girl inspector.

"She stepped on my shoelace and so a branch jabbed into my ankle." I paused and showed them the big cloth bandage that the nurse had wrapped around my ankle. "And then when I tried getting up she tried to push me off the cliff and due to that result she was scratching me everywhere at the same time. I forced myself up and when I was stopping her from making me fall I pushed her and she slipped with both of her hands hanging from the cliff. Even though all that she had done to me I still considered her my friend so I tried really hard to pull her up but nothing worked. We screamed and yelled but no one was listening. Then she slowly she started to slip from my hands. I screamed and cried but I couldn't bring her back. She had fell hundreds of miles down off the cliff." I got up and rushed into the bathroom and locked the door pretending to not want to come out. I sobbed and sobbed as I wondered if my plan was working or not. Everyone was silent until Ryan noticed that I had locked myself in the bathroom. He started to knock on the door and told me to open it. Then everyone huddled around trying to open it, yelling and screaming. But all I said was "I don't want to come out! I don't want to live! I killed my best friend!" I stayed there until the police was finally able to break into the door.

"It isn't your fault!" assured my mom. Phoebe fell in trying to kill you. You didn't push her. I don't know what is wrong with you? Why are you worried about her after all that she's done to you?" questioned my mom.

"Because she was my best friend." Then is sniffled my nose. "Is Phoebe still alive?" I asked one of the police officer's.

“The trace is still on, kiddo. We are not sure yet. She probably didn’t survive. But hope is what she needs right now. This investigation is going to be a long one and the case is going to last for a while.”

Ryan’s Thoughts

I was wrong. Phoebe wasn’t the girl that was truly made for me. Maybe I hadn’t seen the real her. But I would never imagine that she would ever try to murder someone, and that too someone that was her best friend. I still loved her, but not the new her, the old her. I wished Phoebe was still alive. I really missed her a lot. I would never be able to forget her. I wanted to know what made her like this. I knew she forced to act the way she acted. Phoebe would never acted like that. And for the first time ever as a big boy I cried and felt like my life was over. I wanted to believe everyone was just plain old lying but I couldn’t. All the evidence was against her.

Investigation At The Crime Scene

“Hello, hello. Yes, officer a body is found of Phoebe.” talked Will, the police officer through the walkie - talkie to his boss.

“Is she alive or dead?” asked the sergeant.

“She is dead, sir.”

“Okay, thank you, our team will be right there and I am going to inform any relatives of this girl. They are all waiting for our call. I know they will be upset but people like her deserve to be dead. After all, she tried to murder her best friend.”

Phoebe's Parent Conversation

"Tringgg, Trinnng!" rang the houseline.

"Hello! Who is this?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Yes, hello this is Sergeant Nathan calling from the investigation office and we are sorry to inform you that we found your daughter's body but unfortunately she is no longer with us. She is dead."

"What?"

"What happened Bob?" asked Mrs. Smith in tension.

"Phoe.. Phoe... Phoebe is dead."

"Did you just say, Phoebe, the one and only daughter that I had.....is dead!" cried Mrs. Smith. "Do you hear me Bob? She is dead! You lost your precious treasure that you always kept in your arms. It no longer remains in your arms. It was stolen and taken away from you forever and ever!" Mrs. Smith sobbed and wept waiting for her daughter to come back, but how long could she wait. Yes the news had arrived, a body was found, to be more clear Phoebe's body, Phoebe was dead she wasn't coming back ever again.

"Get yourself together!" Mr. Smith said, his eyes filling with tears as he lifted up Mrs. Smith from the ground. "She's gone honey; we can't do anything about it. She remains in our hearts. If you cry Phoebe's soul will be sad. We wish for it to rest in peace. Please don't cry. Please."

Chapter 7 – A Ray Of Hope: Phoebe

I woke up with a startle as my body ached and my scrapes burned. I stretched my arms and slowly opened my eyes. I looked at myself thinking that I was out of the water wet, and I was tired but that wasn't true. In two seconds the pain disappeared. The scars and burns weren't there anymore. Wait, what was going on? Where was I? Everything thing around me was white. I was lying on a bed in a small room. As I tried to get up my mind struck with pain in the remembrance of Tiff trying to kill me. Every moment from start to end had scared my mind and made me afraid. But I was alive. She hadn't succeeded. I tried getting up again and slowly looked around. I wondered where I was. I rushed out of the room thinking it would be easier to find someone to help me but it was worse. There were so many rooms. Which ones was I supposed to look inside of? As panicky as I was, a big room in the corner caught my eye. Whose room could that be? Was that the way out of here? I scurried over there with my bare feet, making sure that no one saw me. I was also dressed very weirdly, to be clearer in a white dress, long sleeve and came up to my knees. I wondered why it was white. Couldn't it be any other color? I stepped into the room and my eyes stared and the word "Wow!" came out. The room was prodigious and beautiful. I had never seen something like this before. I looked around the room, without touching anything, and not noticing the man and women sitting in the two ornate chairs in front of me.

"Phoebe." I jumped, startled and worried wondering who it was. I turned around and saw a man and women nicely dressed, in their seats. I figured that they were

probably the owners of this mansion. "Phoebe." repeated the man politely again. "May you please come here?"

"How did he know my name?" I thought. I slowly walked towards him, a little worried about what he might do. He seemed polite but I still wasn't sure. In the next two seconds a chair appeared in front of me. They had magic powers! "You have magic power!" I blurted out unintentionally. I wondered if I was dreaming but I wasn't. I took a seat after the man requested me to. Who were they and why did they bring me here?

"Phoebe, we have many things to talk to you and tell you about. Let me start with the basics. I am the god of heaven and this is the goddess of heaven and we control this palace. This is where people who have been good most of their life come for afterlife, the rest go somewhere far, far away where they live in their afterlife because they were bad most of their life. Phoebe you are dead. We are sorry but we can't save everyone and you are one of those people. We are very sorry. This place known as heaven, exactly what you would call it on earth." The god explained, "Any questions so far?" I had never believed god ever existed but now I was sure. "And." He added. "WE can hear everything you think, feel, hear, see, everything."

"No. But, I'm dead and Tiffany accomplished her aim, killing me." I asked.

"Yes, she did. I'm sorry to say but yes. But I don't exactly remember what happened Phoebe, will you please remind me if you can."

"Yes, sir." I replied. I sat for almost two hours and described them my story. I wanted to cry but I couldn't. I couldn't cry in heaven and when I said my story the god or goddess didn't move or twitch or get bored. They listened thoroughly to my story and what I had to say.

“Well, Phoebe your story is a very sad story and we promise to help your soul rest at peace.” assured the goddess.

“Would you like to get your revenge and prove that you were not guilty so that your soul may rest at peace and you are free from any blame on your death. That is the least that we may do for you.” asked the god.

“Yes, I would like to get my revenge. But how.” I questioned. I felt like I was taking this more appropriately than I had accepted.

“We will grant you three pieces of evidence that you can present at the crime scene but only three. That is all you have to prove yourself and you have five days. Where you woke up is your room. If you need anything just knock before you come in. If you need anything please tell us. Once you get your revenge you will go into deep sleep and will be able to look over your family. I can get you your revenge in a snap of my finger but I want you to feel like you have won! Go and get yourself victory!”

“Thank, you.” I commented politely.

I walked back to the room and onto the bed. So much had changed. So much had happened that I would never imagine. I was dead. I could never be with my parents, or friends, or with Ryan ever again. And it was all because of Tiff. She was going to lose this case. She was going to have to pay for her deeds. Now this case was going to be proven wrong and I was not going to be proven guilty. “Tiffany watch out because I am coming to ruin your victory!” I roared.

Tiffany's Thoughts

Yes, now what was poor Phoebe going to do. I killed her and got what I wanted and I also proved that I wasn't guilty. What was she thinking to outsmart me? There was

no way I was going to be proven guilty now so I shall take a nice sweet nap with nothing to worry about. Any way the case is almost over and I left no evidence to prove me guilty. I am such a winner! She can't do anything unless of course she has super powers or becomes a ghost. Like that's possible.

Chapter 8 – Almost There

Days were starting to pass but I couldn't think of anything. The case was almost over. The god and goddess had given me the power to see what was going down on earth so I could see the evidence proven against me. I sat and sat and thought of what could prove her guilty, evidence, of course. Why hadn't I thought of that earlier? What about the bloodstain from when my head hit the nail. Tiffany never said anything about that when talking to the inspectors, and detectives. That would prove that she pushed me. I had to go ask the god if I was allowed to put evidence that is not visible at the crime scene. I walked into the room and knocked on the door even though it was already open. I never believed in god but I did now and that too, very truly. There were turning into my dear ones. "Come in!" I heard the goddess say. I went inside and asked,

"Goddess, do I have the ability to put evidence that is not visible at the crime scene or even make it up. I heard the god and goddess whisper. Their faces were filled with concern at the thought of this but then the goddess stood up and responded happily,

"Yes, Phoebe you can but you can only do this three times so be careful of the evidence that you put out there." The goddess reminded.

I had three times so using one try I asked the god to put a big blood stain that was mine on the nail where I had been hit. I watched over the scene as the detectives and inspectors searched for evidence at the place where I had fell off of. Yes, it worked they found the nail. Now Tiffany would be busted. I watched concentrated on the scene, but what was happening. Tiffany was telling them that she forgot to tell them when she

pushed me that I hurt my head and because of that I couldn't see and slipped off the cliff. And when they examined my body I had been hit in the head and it was my blood. Now what, all the evidence was increasing on her side to prove her not guilty. I was helping her instead of proving her guilty.

Well now what was I supposed to do. I had to think of something wisely. Yes, I knew exactly what. Tiff had left her backpack when she went to tell everyone that I had fallen off the cliff but the backpack was examined. What if a checklist was found inside. The checklist would state.....

- Make everyone hate Phoebe
- Steal Ryan away from her
- Murder her on field trip day

Now no one could save her. This would prove her guilty for sure. The god granted my wish and I lay on my bed sure that I had won, that I had proven Tiffany guilty. But I was wrong, again Tiffany thought of something she told them it that was my handwriting and that I had put that in her backpack to frame her. Then Tiffany showed some of her notebooks and mine as well and it matched my handwriting. I should have been wiser on telling god to make it Tiffany's handwriting. But why hadn't the god corrected that. Oh yes, I was supposed to win this battle myself. Now I only had 1 more piece of evidence that I could present. Everyone now trusted Tiffany and the case was ending tomorrow. They were going to take one last look at the crime scene and that was it. I was going to be done for. I had to think of something. Something that was apart from all of the evidence, something that had to prove Tiffany guilty. I wondered what that something could be.

Tiffany's thoughts

What was going on? Where was all this evidence coming from? I had taken all the evidence possible away from the crime scene. Well it's okay, tomorrow is the last day of this case. And anyways who wrote the note. I didn't and neither did Phoebe. That means someone else knows what happened. I have to figure out who is doing all this before anything goes wrong.

Chapter 9 – Victory Is Mine

I had 24 hours, only 24 hours to prove that I wasn't guilty. I thought and thought for hours and then finally it came to me. This was it, my last chance. I made sure everything was perfect and then requested for god to present the last piece of evidence. Now I was finished. I had no more wishes left but all I had was hope, hope that this would work out nicely, and prove me innocent. I watched and watched the investigators investigate the crime scene. Then finally they found it. They found it. They found the voice recorder that recorded everything that was said during I was being murdered. Now they had to trust that I hadn't done anything wrong!

Investigation Scene

"Officer, look what I found, a tape recorder. We never saw this when we looked here before."

"That is a really good piece of evidence. Take it to the investigation office."

"Okay, sir." The officer knocked on the front door of Tiffany's house.

"Hell ma'am, we are here to arrest Tiffany."

"What?" screamed Mrs. Parsons, "You want to arrest Tiffany? Why? She didn't do anything wrong."

"Ma'am we have found evidence and it is quite clear that Tiffany Parsons has murdered Phoebe Smith and that whatever Tiffany was telling us was a lie and act. You and your husband have to come with us to the investigation office where you can know the rest from. May you please move aside ma'am. I need to go get your daughter."

“No!” screamed Mrs. Parsons from the top of her lungs. “Where do you think you’re going? My daughter is innocent! You cannot arrest her! Do you understand?” yelled Mrs. Parsons losing her mind. Now, more police cars were arriving and the neighbors were coming out. The Smiths, the Hopkins, Ryan’s family, and many others around the neighborhood arrived at the Parsons house wondering what was happening. Even Tiffany rushed downstairs from hearing the loud screams of her mom.

“Ma’am, please!”

“What’s going on here, mom?” asked Tiffany surprised at the sight of a police officer at her doorstep.

“We are here to arrest you, Tiffany, for murdering Phoebe Smith and blaming her for her own murder!”

“What?” screamed Phoebe’s parents, Tiffany, and Ryan?

“Wait, so Tiffany murdered Phoebe. Do you even have any evidence?”

“Yes, little boy.” assured the police officer. “May I take Tiffany along and everyone else follows my car, please.” Tiffany screamed and put up a tantrum but no one could stop the police. Everyone else but the Smith’s and Ryan’s family left. Ryan family, the Smiths, and the Parsons followed the police car to the investigation office that what the officer said would come out untrue. Then everyone went inside and silently listened to the tape while Tiffany was forbidden to speak on single word until the tape was over. Nobody could believe their ears, but everything that they heard was true. Ryan was upset and mad at Tiff. The Parsons couldn’t believe that their daughter would do such a thing, and the Smiths were heartbroken. Tiffany tried really hard to prove herself innocent but nothing was going to work. That was it, Tiffany had been proven

guilty for the murder of Phoebe Smith. And her punishment was five years of juvenile and community service for the rest of her life. Her life was scarred forever and she was old enough to face this punishment. Tiffany had lost the battle! And Phoebe had won!

Tiffany's Parents Conversation

"They all are lying, all lying. Tiffany is innocent. She would never do that. Everybody is framing our daughter, Tom. All liars!"

"They are not lying, Abigail. They are telling the truth. We taught our daughter so much and this is what she gives me in return, shame. How will I ever face the Smiths ever again?"

"You are not worried about what your daughter is going through but if you care so much about the Smith, why don't you go live with them?"

"Your daughter put us in shame. I don't care for her at all and what she is going through!"

"My daughter, is she not your daughter at all?"

'No, she died for me, the day she thought of murdering her best friend, Phoebe!" shouted Mr. Parsons leaving the house, slamming the door behind him.

Ryan's Thoughts

How could she? How could Tiff ever murder her best friend? I put Phoebe's and my relationship at stake to help her, thinking that Bee was wrong, but maybe I was wrong in understanding Tiff. Phoebe was right, if only I knew then. I had been blaming Tiff for everything. I should have realized that Phoebe would never do that? Please

forgive me if you can, Phoebe, I love you and miss you a lot. Tiff was worthy of her punishment!

Phoebe's Parents Conversation

"I can't believe it, Bob. My Phoebe did nothing wrong. It was all that nasty Parsons daughter that murdered our daughter. She deserves the punishment she got."
Mrs. Smith cursed.

"Christina, don't say that. It wasn't the Parsons fault that their daughter did bad things. They taught her the right things. She chose to take the wrong path. Don't blame them. But anyways, we should be happy that now Phoebe's soul rests at peace and the culprit to her death is behind bars."

"Okay, I know." commented Mrs. Smith.

Chapter 10 – A Final Goodbye

I was now going to rest in peace. I went to visit the god to say thank you.

“Welcome, Phoebe. Come on in!” said the goddess.

“Um... I just came to thank you for helping me and making my soul rest at peace.

Thank you! I also had one last request.”

You’re welcome. But we didn’t do anything, it was all you. Be proud.” said the goddess and god at the same time. “Anyway, what is your request?”

“Well, I was asking if I could go back to earth for just five minutes to visit Ryan and I will never ask you again. I promise. Please! Ryan needs me.” The god and goddess discussed this matter and I wasn’t sure if they were exactly happy with this request. I wished they would say yes. Ryan needed me the most and I needed to say bye one last time.

Hmm.... Phoebe I am sorry to say I don’t think we can help you. We are very sorry,” said the god sorrowfully.

“Please, just one time. Please! I promise exactly five minutes.” I pleaded.

“Okay,” replied the goddess, “But only five minutes.”

“Thank you! Thank you so much!” I replied happily. In two minutes I reached Ryan’s door to his bedroom. I knocked on the door wondering what to say. Ryan opened the door, his face filled with shock. I missed him so much. I threw myself on top of him giving him a big hug. For a minute Ryan didn’t hug me back and then he finally put his hands around me. When we finished He asked

“Are you Phoebe’s ghost?”

"No, dummy I am your Phoebe, the Phoebe that used to be yours!"

"But weren't you dead? I made Ryan sit next to me on the bed.

"I only have five minutes," I said a little panicky. I quickly described the story to Ryan from when I died, to heaven, to now. He listened carefully as the expressions of his face changed often."

"I only have 2 mintue left!"

"So you are leaving me forever again?"

"Yes, Ryan, I am helpless, I can't do anything."

"Well, I will never, ever like a girl ever again."

"No Ryan, I came here to tell you that my soul will not rest in peace if you don't live happily. I came here to tell you and assure you that I would be looking over you, always there when you needed me. But please move on with your life. Just remember I want you to live the moments I wasn't able to live. If not for yourself, live for me." Both of our eyes were filled with tears and our noses were red from all the sniffing. I gave Ryan one last goodbye kiss, and a tight hug. Then slowly I started to fade away. My time was over and Ryan knew I would always be there for him. Now, Ryan was hugging nothing but empty air.

Epilogue

15 years later..... I was happy for Ryan. The day I left him he fulfilled every promise I made him keep. I told him that I would watch over him and that I was doing. I was an angel now that helped the god and goddess look over people all over the world and one of them were Ryan. Ryan was expecting his first child now. I would love to see the little baby. His wife was Nicole; a very sweet and loving girl was just like me. She was perfect for Ryan. I knew that at times Ryan still remembered me. We missed each other lots. Tiffany, on the other hand couldn't bear her humiliation that she had committed suicide but she didn't join me in heaven, here, she went someplace that she would suffer for the rest of her life!